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Franklin Benjamin 1706-1790
Joshua Cresson's 1796

NARRATIVE

OF THE LATE

MASSACRES,

IN

LANCASTER COUNTY,

OF A

Number of *INDIANS*,

FRIENDS of this PROVINCE,

By PERSONS Unknown.

With some *Observations* on the same.



Printed in the Year M,DCC,LXIV.

Tribe accordingly went on diminishing, till there remained in their Town on the Manor, but 20 Persons, *viz.* 7 Men, 5 Women, and 8 Children, Boys and Girls.

Of these, *Shebaes* was a very old Man, having assisted at the second Treaty held with them, by Mr. PENN, in 1701, and ever since continued a faithful and affectionate Friend to the *English*; he is said to have been an exceeding good Man, considering his Education, being naturally of a most kind benevolent Temper.

Peggy was *Shebaes's* Daughter; she worked for her aged Father, continuing to live with him, though married, and attended him with filial Duty and Tenderness.

John was another good old Man; his Son *Harry* helped to support him.

George and *Will Soc* were two Brothers, both young Men.

John Smith, a valuable young Man, of the *Cayuga* Nation, who became acquainted with *Peggy*, *Shebaes's* Daughter, some few Years since, married her, and settled in that Family. They had one Child, about three Years old.

Betty, a harmless old Woman; and her Son *Peter*, a likely young Lad.

Sally, whose *Indian* Name was *Wyanjoy*, a Woman much esteemed by all that knew her, for her prudent and good Behaviour in some very trying Situations of Life. She was a truly good and an amiable Woman, had no Children of her own, but a distant Relation dying, she had taken a Child of that Relation's, to bring up

as her own, and performed towards it all the Duties of an affectionate Parent.

The Reader will observe, that many of their Names are *English*. It is common with the *Indians* that have an Affection for the *English*, to give themselves, and their Children, the Names of such *English* Persons as they particularly esteem.

This little Society continued the Custom they had begun, when more numerous, of addressing every new Governor, and every Descendant of the first Proprietor, welcoming him to the Province, assuring him of their Fidelity, and praying a Continuance of that Favour and Protection they had hitherto experienced. They had accordingly sent up an Address of this Kind to our present Governor, on his Arrival; but the same was scarce delivered, when the unfortunate Catastrophe happened, which we are about to relate.

On *Wednesday*, the 14th of *December*, 1763, Fifty-seven Men, from some of our Frontier Townships, who had projected the Destruction of this little Common-wealth, came, all well-mounted, and armed with Firelocks, Hangers and Hatchets, having travelled through the Country in the Night, to *Conestogoe* Manor. There they surrounded the small Village of *Indian* Huts, and just at Break of Day broke into them all at once. Only three Men, two Women, and a young Boy, were found at home, the rest being out among the neighbouring White People, some to sell the Baskets, Brooms and Bowls they manufactured, and others on other Occasions. These

poor defenceless Creatures were immediately fired upon, stabbed and hatcheted to Death ! The good *Shebaes*, among the rest, cut to Pieces in his Bed. All of them were scalped, and otherwise horribly mangled. Then their Huts were set on Fire, and most of them burnt down. When the Troop, pleased with their own Conduct and Bravery, but enraged that any of the poor *Indians* had escaped the Massacre, rode off, and in small Parties, by different Roads, went home.

The universal Concern of the neighbouring White People on hearing of this Event, and the Lamentations of the younger *Indians*, when they returned and saw the Desolation, and the butchered half-burnt Bodies of their murdered Parents, and other Relations, cannot well be expressed.

The Magistrates of *Lancaster* sent out to collect the remaining *Indians*, brought them into the Town for their better Security against any farther Attempt ; and it is said condoled with them on the Misfortune that had happened, took them by the Hand, comforted and *promised them Protection*.—They were all put into the Workhouse, a strong Building, as the Place of greatest Safety.

When the shocking News arrived in Town, a Proclamation was issued by the Governor, in the following Terms, *viz.*

“ **W**HEREAS I have received Information,
 “ That on *Wednesday*, the Fourteenth Day of this Month, a Number of People, armed, and mounted on Horseback, unlawfully

“ lawfully assembled together, and went to the
 “ *Indian Town* in the *Conestogoe Manor*, in *Lan-*
 “ *caster County*, and without the least Reason or
 “ Provocation, in cool Blood, barbarously killed
 “ six of the *Indians* settled there, and burnt and
 “ destroyed all their Houses and Effects: And
 “ whereas so cruel and inhuman an Act, com-
 “ mitted in the Heart of this Province on the
 “ said *Indians*, who have lived peaceably and in-
 “ offensively among us, during all our late
 “ Troubles, and for many Years before, and
 “ were justly considered as under the Protection
 “ of this Government and its Laws, calls loudly
 “ for the vigorous Exertion of the Civil Autho-
 “ rity, to detect the Offenders, and bring them
 “ to condign Punishment; I have therefore, by
 “ and with the Advice and Consent of the Coun-
 “ cil, thought fit to issue this Proclamation, and
 “ do hereby strictly charge and enjoin all Judges,
 “ Justices, Sheriffs, Constables, Officers Civil and
 “ Military, and all other His Majesty’s liege Sub-
 “ jects within this Province, to make diligent
 “ Search and Enquiry after the Authors and Per-
 “ petrators of the said Crime, their Abettors and
 “ Accomplices, and to use all possible Means to
 “ apprehend and secure them in some of the
 “ public Goals of this Province, that they may
 “ be brought to their Trials, and be proceeded
 “ against according to Law.

“ And whereas a Number of other *Indians*,
 “ who lately lived on or near the Frontiers of this
 “ Province, being willing and desirous to pre-
 “ serve and continue the antient Friendship

“ which heretofore subsisted between them and
 “ the good People of this Province, have, at
 “ their own earnest Request, been removed from
 “ their Habitations, and brought into the Coun-
 “ ty of *Philadelphia*, and seated, for the present,
 “ for their better Security, on the *Province-*
 “ *Island*, and in other Places in the Neighbour-
 “ hood of the City of *Philadelphia*, where Pro-
 “ vision is made for them at the public Expence ;
 “ I do therefore hereby strictly forbid all Persons
 “ whatsoever, to molest or injure any of the said
 “ *Indians*, as they will answer the contrary at
 “ their Peril.

*GIVEN under my Hand, and the Great
 Seal of the said Province, at Philadelphia,
 the Twenty-second Day of December, An-
 no Domini One Thousand Seven Hundred
 and Sixty-three, and in the Fourth Year of
 His Majesty's Reign.*

JOHN PENN.”

By His Honour's Command,

JOSEPH SHIPPEN, *jun. Secretary.*

GOD Save the KING.

Notwithstanding this Proclamation, those cru-
 el Men again assembled themselves, and hearing
 that the remaining fourteen *Indians* were in the
 Work-house at *Lancaster*, they suddenly appeared
 in that Town, on the 27th of *December*. Fifty
 of them, armed as before, dismounting, went
 directly to the Work-house, and by Violence broke
 open the Door, and entered with the utmost Fu-
 ry in their Countenances.—When the poor
 Wretches

Wretches saw they had *no Protection* nigh, nor could possibly escape, and being without the least Weapon for Defence, they divided into their little Families, the Children clinging to the Parents; they fell on their Knees, protested their Innocence, declared their Love to the *English*, and that, in their whole Lives, they had never done them Injury; and in this Posture they all received the Hatchet!-----Men, Women and little Children----were every one inhumanly murdered!----in cold Blood!

The barbarous Men who committed the atrocious Fact, in Defiance of Government, of all Laws human and divine, and to the eternal Disgrace of their Country and Colour, then mounted their Horses, huzza'd in Triumph, as if they had gained a Victory, and rode off---*unmolested*!

The Bodies of the Murdered were then brought out and exposed in the Street, till a Hole could be made in the Earth, to receive and cover them.

But the Wickedness cannot be covered, the Guilt will lie on the whole Land, till Justice is done on the Murderers. THE BLOOD OF THE INNOCENT WILL CRY TO HEAVEN FOR VENGEANCE.

It is said that *Shebaes*, being before told, that it was to be feared some *English* might come from the Frontier into the Country, and murder him and his People; he replied, “ It is impossible: There are *Indians*, indeed, in the Woods, who would kill me and mine, if they could get at us, for my Friendship to the *Eng-*
lish;

“ *lish*; but the *English* will wrap me in their
 “ Matchcoat, and secure me from all Danger.”
 How unfortunately was he mistaken !

Another Proclamation has been issued, offering a great Reward for apprehending the Murderers, in the following Terms, *viz.*

“ **W**HEREAS on the Twenty-second
 “ Day of *December* last, I issued a Pro-
 “ clamation for the apprehending and bringing
 “ to Justice, a Number of Persons, who, in
 “ Violation of the Public Faith, and in Defiance
 “ of all Law, had inhumanly killed six of the
 “ *Indians*, who had lived in *Conestogoe* Manor, for
 “ the Course of many Years, peaceably and in-
 “ offensively, under the Protection of this Go-
 “ vernment, on Lands assigned to them for their
 “ Habitation ; notwithstanding which, I have
 “ received Information, that on the Twenty-
 “ seventh of the same Month, a large Party of
 “ armed Men again assembled and met together
 “ in a riotous and tumultuous Manner, in the
 “ County of *Lancaster*, and proceeded to the
 “ Town of *Lancaster*, where they violently
 “ broke open the Work-house, and butchered
 “ and put to Death fourteen of the said *Conesto-*
 “ *goe Indians*, Men, Women and Children, who
 “ had been taken under the immediate Care and
 “ Protection of the Magistrates of the said Coun-
 “ ty, and lodged for their better Security in the
 “ said Work-house, till they should be more
 “ effectually provided for by Order of the Go-
 “ vernment. And whereas common Justice
 “ loudly

“ loudly demands, and the Laws of the Land
 “ (upon the Preservation of which not only the
 “ Liberty and Security of every Individual, but
 “ the Being of the Government itself depend)
 “ require that the above Offenders should be
 “ brought condign Punishment; I have there-
 “ fore, by and with the Advice of the Council,
 “ published this Proclamation, and do hereby
 “ strictly charge and command all Judges, Ju-
 “ stices, Sheriffs, Constables, Officers Civil and
 “ Military, and all other His Majesty’s faithful
 “ and liege Subjects within this Province, to
 “ make diligent Search and Enquiry after the
 “ Authors and Perpetrators of the said last men-
 “ tioned Offence, their Abettors and Accompli-
 “ ces, and that they use all possible Means to ap-
 “ prehend and secure them in some of the pub-
 “ lic Goals of this Province, to be dealt with ac-
 “ cording to Law.

“ And I do hereby further promise and en-
 “ gage, that any Person or Persons, who shall
 “ apprehend and secure, or cause to be appre-
 “ hended and secured, any Three of the Ring-
 “ leaders of the said Party, and prosecute them
 “ to Conviction, shall have and receive for each,
 “ the public Reward of *Two Hundred Pounds* ;
 “ and any Acomplce, not concerned in the im-
 “ mediate shedding the Blood of the said *Indians*,
 “ who shall make Discovery of any or either of
 “ the said Ringleaders, and apprehend and pro-
 “ secute them to Conviction, shall, over and
 “ above the said Reward, have all the Weight
 “ and

“ and Influence of the Government, for obtain-
 “ ing His Majesty’s Pardon for his Offence.

*GIVEN under my Hand, and the Great
 Seal of the said Province, at Philadelphia,
 the Second Day of January, in the Fourth
 Year of His Majesty’s Reign, and in the
 Year of our Lord One Thousand Seven
 Hundred and Sixty-four.*

JOHN PENN.”

By His Honour’s Command,
 JOSEPH SHIPPEN, *jun. Secretary.*

GOD Save the KING.

These Proclamations have as yet produced no
 Discovery; the Murderers having given out such
 Threatenings against those that disapprove their
 Proceedings, that the whole County seems to be
 in Terror, and no one durst speak what he
 knows; even the Letters from thence are un-
 signed, in which any Dislike is expressed of the
 Rioters.

There are some (I am ashamed to hear it) who
 would extenuate the enormous Wickedness of
 these Actions, by saying, “ The Inhabitants of
 “ the Frontiers are exasperated with the Murder
 “ of their Relations, by the Enemy *Indians*, in
 “ the present War.” It is possible;—but though
 this might justify their going out into the Woods,
 to seek for those Enemies, and avenge upon them
 those Murders; it can never justify their turning
 in to the Heart of the Country, to murder their
 Friends.

If

If an *Indian* injures me, does it follow that I may revenge that Injury on all *Indians*? It is well known that *Indians* are of different Tribes, Nations and Languages, as well as the White People. In *Europe*, if the *French*, who are White People, should injure the *Dutch*, are they to revenge it on the *English*, because they too are White People? The only Crime of these poor Wretches seems to have been, that they had a reddish brown Skin, and black Hair; and some People of that Sort, it seems, had murdered some of our Relations. If it be right to kill Men for such a Reason, then, should any Man, with a freckled Face and red Hair, kill a Wife or Child of mine, it would be right for me to revenge it, by killing all the freckled red-haired Men, Women and Children, I could afterwards any where meet with.

But it seems these People think they have a better Justification; nothing less than the *Word of God*. With the Scriptures in their Hands and Mouths, they can set at nought that expresses Command, *Thou shalt do no Murder*; and justify their Wickedness, by the Command given *Joshua* to destroy the Heathen. Horrid Perversion of Scripture and of Religion! to father the worst of Crimes on the God of Peace and Love!—— Even the *Jews*, to whom that particular Commission was directed, spared the *Gibeonites*, on Account of their Faith once given. The Faith of this Government has been frequently given to those *Indians*;—but that did not avail them with People who despise Government.

We pretend to be *Christians*, and, from the superior Light we enjoy, ought to exceed *Heathens, Turks, Saracens, Moors, Negroes* and *Indians*, in the Knowledge and Practice of what is right. I will endeavour to show, by a few Examples from Books and History, the Sense those People have had of such Actions.

HOMER wrote his Poem, called the *Odysssey*, some Hundred Years before the Birth of Christ. He frequently speaks of what he calls not only *the Duties*, but *the sacred Rites of Hospitality*, (exercised towards Strangers, while in our House or Territory) as including, besides all the common Circumstances of Entertainment, full Safety and Protection of Person, from all Danger of Life, from all Injuries, and even Insults. The Rites of Hospitality were called *sacred*, because the Stranger, the Poor and the Weak, when they applied for Protection and Relief, were, from the Religion of those Times, supposed to be sent by the Deity to try the Goodness of Men, and that he would avenge the Injuries they might receive, where they ought to have been protected.— These Sentiments therefore influenced the Manners of all Ranks of People, even the meanest; for we find that when *Ulysses* came, as a poor Stranger, to the Hut of *Eumæus*, the Swineherd, and his great Dogs ran out to tear the ragged Man, *Eumæus* drove them away with Stones; and

*Unhappy Stranger! (thus the faithful Swain
Began, with Accent gracious and humane)
What Sorrow had been mine, if at my Gate
Thy rev'rend Age had met a shameful Fate?*

-----But

-----But enter this my homely Roof, and see
Our Woods not void of Hospitality.

He said, and seconding the kind Request,
With friendly Step precedes the unknown Guest.

A shaggy Goat's soft Hide beneath him spread,
And with fresh Rushes heap'd an ample Bed.

Joy touch'd the Hero's tender Soul, to find
So just Reception from a Heart so kind:

And oh, ye Gods! with all your Blessings grace
(He thus broke forth) this Friend of human Race!

The Swain reply'd. It never was our guise
To slight the Poor, or aught humane despise.

For Jove unfolds the hospitable Door,
Tis Jove that sends the Stranger and the Poor.

These Heathen People thought, that after a Breach of the Rites of Hospitality, a Curse from Heaven would attend them in every thing they did, and even their honest Industry in their Callings would fail of Success.—Thus when Ulysses tells Eumæus, who doubted the Truth of what he related, *If I deceive you in this, I should deserve Death, and I consent that you shall put me to Death*; Eumæus rejects the Proposal, as what would be attended with both Infamy and Misfortune, saying ironically,

• Doubtless, oh Guest! great Laud and Praise were mine,
If, after social Rites and Gifts bestow'd,
I stain'd my Hospitable Hearth with Blood.
How would the Gods my righteous Toils succeed,
And bless the Hand that made a Stranger bleed?
No more.-----

Even an open Enemy, in the Heat of Battle,
throwing down his Arms, submitting to his Foe,
and

and asking Life and Protection, was supposed to acquire an immediate Right to that Protection. Thus one describes his being saved, when his Party was defeated.

*We turn'd to Flight ; the gath'ring Vengeance spread
On all Parts round, and Heaps on Heaps lie dead.
---The radiant Helmet from my Brows unlac'd,
And lo on Earth my Shield and Fav'lin cast,
I meet the Monarch with a Suppliant's Face,
Approach his Chariot, and his Knees embrace.
He heard, he sav'd, he plac'd me at his Side ;
My State he pity'd, and my Tears he dry'd ;
Restrain'd the Rage the vengeful Foe express'd,
And turn'd the deadly Weapons from my Breast.
Pious to guard the Hospitable Rite,
And fearing Jove, whom Mercy's Works delight.*

The Suitors of *Penelope* are by the same ancient Poet described as a Sett of lawless Men, who were *regardless of the sacred Rites of Hospitality*. And therefore when the Queen was informed they were slain, and that by *Ulysses*, she, not believing that *Ulysses* was returned, says,

*Alb no !---some God the Suitors Deaths decreed,
Some God descends, and by his Hand they bleed :
Blind, to condemn the Stranger's righteous Cause,
And violate all hospitable Laws !
-----The Powers they defy'd ;
But Heav'n is just, and by a God they dy'd.*

Thus much for the Sentiments of the ancient *Heathens*.——As for the *Turks*, it is recorded in the Life of *Mahomet*, the Founder of their Religion, That *Khaled*, one of his Captains, having divided

divided a Number of Prisoners between himself and those that were with him, he commanded the Hands of his own Prisoners to be tied behind them, and then, in a most cruel and brutal Manner, put them to the Sword ; but he could not prevail on his Men to massacre *their* Captives, because in Fight they had laid down their Arms, submitted, and demanded Protection. *Mahomet*, when the Account was brought to him, applauded the Men for their Humanity ; but said to *Khaled*, with great Indignation, *Ob Khaled, thou Butcher, cease to molest me with thy Wickedness.—If thou possessedst a Heap of Gold as large as Mount Obod, and shouldst expend it all in God's Cause, thy Merit would not efface the Guilt incurred by the Murder of the meanest of those poor Captives.*

Among the *Arabs* or *Saracens*, though it was lawful to put to Death a Prisoner taken in Battle, if he had made himself obnoxious by his former Wickedness, yet this could not be done after he had once eaten Bread, or drank Water, while in their Hands. Hence we read in the History of the Wars of the *Holy Land*, that when the *Franks* had suffered a great Defeat from *Saladin*, and among the Prisoners were the King of *Jerusalem*, and *Arnold*, a famous Christian Captain, who had been very cruel to the *Saracens* ; these two being brought before the Soltan, he placed the King on his right Hand, and *Arnold* on his left ; and then presented the King with a Cup of Water, who immediately drank to *Arnold* ; but when *Arnold* was about to receive the Cup, the Soltan interrupted, saying, *I will not suffer this wicked*

Man to drink, as that, according to the laudable and generous Custom of the Arabs, would secure him his Life.

That the same laudable and generous Custom still prevails among the *Mahometans*, appears from the Account but last Year published of his Travels by Mr. Bell of *Antermony*, who accompanied the Czar *Peter the Great*, in his Journey to *Derbent* through *Daggestan*. “ The Religion of
 “ the *Daggestans*, says he, is generally *Mahome-*
 “ *tan*, some following the Sect of *Osman*, others
 “ that of *Haly*. Their Language for the most
 “ Part is *Turkish*, or rather a Dialect of the *Ara-*
 “ *bic*, though many of them speak also the *Per-*
 “ *sian* Language. One Article I cannot omit
 “ concerning their Laws of Hospitality, which
 “ is, if their greatest Enemy comes under their
 “ Roof for Protection, the Landlord, of what
 “ Condition soever, is obliged to keep him safe,
 “ from all Manner of Harm or Violence, during
 “ his Abode with him, and even to conduct him
 “ safely through his Territories to a Place of Se-
 “ curity.” —

From the *Saracens* this same Custom obtained among the *Moors* of *Africa*; was by them brought into *Spain*, and there long sacredly observed. The *Spanish* Historians record with Applause one famous Instance of it. While the *Moors* governed there, and the *Spaniards* were mixed with them, a *Spanish* Cavalier, in a sudden Quarrel, slew a young *Moorish* Gentleman, and fled. His Pursuers soon lost Sight of him, for he had, unperceived, thrown himself over a
 Garden

Garden Wall. The Owner, a *Moor*, happening to be in his Garden, was addressed by the *Spaniard* on his Knees, who acquainted him with his Case, and implored Concealment. *Eat this*, said the *Moor*, giving him Half a Peach; *you now know that you may confide in my Protection*. He then locked him up in his Garden Apartment, telling him, that as soon as it was Night he would provide for his Escape to a Place of more Safety.—The *Moor* then went into his House, where he had scarce seated himself, when a great Croud, with loud Lamentations, came to his Gate, bringing the Corps of his Son, that had just been killed by a *Spaniard*. When the first Shock of Surprise was a little over, he learnt, from the Description given, that the fatal Deed was done by the Person then in his Power. He mentioned this to no One; but as soon as it was dark, retired to his Garden Apartment, as if to grieve alone, giving Orders that none should follow him. There accosting the *Spaniard*, he said, *Christian, the Person you have killed, is my Son: His Body is now in my House. You ought to suffer; but you have eaten with me, and I have given you my Faith, which must not be broken. Follow me.*—He then led the astonished *Spaniard* to his Stables, mounted him on one of his fleetest Horses, and said, *Fly far while the Night can cover you. You will be safe in the Morning. You are indeed guilty of my Son's Blood, but God is just and good, and I thank him that I am innocent of yours, and that my Faith given is preserved.*

The *Spaniards* caught from the *Moors* this *Punto* of Honour, the Effects of which remain, in a great Degree, to this Day. So that when there is Fear of a War about to break out between *England* and *Spain*, an *English* Merchant there, who apprehends the Confiscation of his Goods as the Goods of an Enemy, thinks them safe, if he can get a *Spaniard* to take Charge of them ; for the *Spaniard* secures them as his own, and faithfully redelivers them, or pays the Value, whenever the *Englishman* can safely demand it.

Justice to that Nation, though lately our Enemies, and hardly yet our cordial Friends, obliges me, on this Occasion, not to omit mentioning an Instance of *Spanish* Honour, which cannot but be still fresh in the Memory of many yet living. In 1746, when we were in hot War with *Spain*, the *Elizabeth*, of *London*, Captain *William Edwards*, coming through the Gulph from *Jamaica*, richly laden, met with a most violent Storm, in which the Ship sprung a Leak, that obliged them, for the Saving of their Lives, to run her into the *Havannah*. The Captain went on Shore, directly waited on the Governor, told the Occasion of his putting in, and that he surrendered his Ship as a Prize, and himself and his Men as Prisoners of War, only requesting good Quarter. No, Sir, replied the *Spanish* Governor, *If we had taken you in fair War at Sea, or approaching our Coast with hostile Intentions, your Ship would then have been a Prize, and your People Prisoners. But when distressed by a Tempest, you come into our Ports for the Safety of your Lives, we, though Enemies, being*
Men,

Men, are bound as such, by the Laws of Humanity, to afford Relief to distressed Men, who ask it of us. We cannot, even against our Enemies, take Advantage of an Act of God. You have Leave therefore to unload your Ship, if that be necessary, to stop the Leak; you may refit here, and traffick so far as shall be necessary to pay the Charges; you may then depart, and I will give you a Pass, to be in Force till you are beyond Bermuda. If after that you are taken, you will then be a Prize, but now you are only a Stranger, and have a Stranger's Right to Safety and Protection.—The Ship accordingly departed, and arrived safe in London.

Will it be permitted me to adduce, on this Occasion, an Instance of the like Honour in a poor unenlightened *African* *Negro*. I find it in Capt. *Seagrave's* Account of his Voyage to *Guinea*. He relates that a *New-England* Sloop, trading there in 1752, left their second Mate, *William Murray*, sick on Shore, and sailed without him. *Murray* was at the House of a Black, name *Cudjoe*, with whom he had contracted an Acquaintance during their Trade. He recovered, and the Sloop being gone, he continued with his black Friend, till some other Opportunity should offer of his getting home. In the mean while, a *Dutch* Ship came into the Road, and some of the Blacks going on board her, were treacherously seized, and carried off as Slaves. Their Relations and Friends, transported with sudden Rage, ran to the House of *Cudjoe* to take Revenge, by killing *Murray*. *Cudjoe* stopt them at the Door, and demanded what they wanted? The White Men,

said they, have carried away our Brothers and Sons, and we will kill all White Men ;—give us the White Man that you keep in your House, for we will kill him. *Nay*, said *Cudjoe* ; *the White Men that carried away your Brothers are bad Men, kill them when you can catch them ; but this White Man is a good Man, and you must not kill him.*——But he is a White Man, they cried ; the White Men are all bad ; we will kill them all.——*Nay*, says he, *you must not kill a Man, that has done no Harm, only for being white. This Man is my Friend, my House is his Fort, and I am his Soldier. I must fight for him. You must kill me, before you can kill him.*——*What good Man will ever come again under my Roof, if I let my Floor be stained with a good Man's Blood !*——The Negroes seeing his Resolution, and being convinced by his Discourse that they were wrong, went away ashamed. In a few Days *Murray* ventured abroad again with *Cudjoe*, when several of them took him by the Hand, and told him they were glad they had not killed him ; for as he was a good (meaning an innocent) Man, *their God would have been angry, and would have spoiled their Fishing.*——I relate this, says *Captain Seagrave*, to show, that some among these dark People have a strong Sense of Justice and Honour, and that even the most brutal among them are capable of feeling the Force of Reason, and of being influenced by a Fear of God (if the Knowledge of the true God could be introduced among them) since even the Fear of a false God, when their Rage subsided, was not without its good Effect.

Now

Now I am about to mention something of *Indians*, I beg that I may not be understood as framing Apologies for *all Indians*. I am far from desiring to lessen the laudable Spirit of Resentment in my Countrymen against those now at War with us, so far as it is justified by their Perfidy and Inhumanity.—I would only observe that the *Six Nations*, as a Body, have kept Faith with the *English* ever since we knew them, now near an Hundred Years; and that the governing Part of those People have had Notions of Honour, whatever may be the Case with the Rum-debauched, Trader-corrupted Vagabonds and Thieves on *Sasquehannab* and the *Ohio*, at present in Arms against us.—As a Proof of that Honour, I shall only mention one well-known recent Fact. When six *Catawba* Deputies, under the Care of Colonel *Bull*, of *Charlestown*, went by Permission into the *Mohawks* Country, to sue for and treat of Peace for their Nation, they soon found the *Six Nations* highly exasperated, and the Peace at that Time impracticable: They were therefore in Fear for their own Persons, and apprehended that they should be killed in their Way back to *New-York*; which being made known to the *Mohawk* Chiefs, by Colonel *Bull*, one of them, by Order of the Council, made this Speech to the *Catawbas*:—

“ *Strangers and Enemies,*

“ While you are in this Country, blow away
 “ all Fear out of your Breasts; change the black
 “ Streak of Paint on your Cheek for a red One,
 “ and let your Faces shine with Bear’s-Grease:

“ You are safer here than if you were at home.
 “ The *Six Nations* will not defile their own Land
 “ with the Blood of Men that come unarmed to
 “ ask for Peace. We shall send a Guard with
 “ you, to see you safe out of our Territories. So
 “ far you shall have Peace, but no farther. Get
 “ home to your own Country, and there take
 “ Care of yourselves, for there we intend to
 “ come and kill you.”

The *Catawbas* came away unhurt accordingly.

It is also well known, that just before the late War broke out, when our Traders first went among the *Piankeshaw Indians*, a Tribe of the *Twightwees*, they found the Principle of giving *Protection to Strangers* in full Force ; for the *French* coming with their *Indians* to the *Piankeshaw Town*, and demanding that those Traders and their Goods should be delivered up ;—the *Piankeshaws* replied, the *English* were come there upon their Invitation, and they could not do so base a Thing. But the *French* insisting on it, the *Piankeshaws* took Arms in Defence of their Guests, and a Number of them, with their old Chief, lost their Lives in the Cause ; the *French* at last prevailing by superior Force only.

It will not dissemble that numberless Stories have been raised and spread abroad, against not only the poor Wretches that are murdered, but also against the Hundred and Forty christianized *Indians*, still threatened to be murdered ; all which Stories are well known, by those who know the *Indians* best, to be pure Inventions, contrived by bad People, either to excite each other to join in
 the

the Murder, or since it was committed, to justify it; and believed only by the Weak and Credulous. I call thus publickly on the Makers and Venders of these Accusations to produce their Evidence. Let them satisfy the Public that even *Will Soc*, the most obnoxious of all that Tribe, was really guilty of those Offences against us which they lay to his Charge. But if he was, ought he not to have been fairly tried? He lived under our Laws, and was subject to them; he was in our Hands, and might easily have been prosecuted; was it *English Justice* to condemn and execute him unheard? Conscious of his own Innocence, he did not endeavour to hide himself when the Door of the Work-house, his Sanctuary, was breaking open; *I will meet them*, says he, *for they are my Brothers*. These Brothers of his shot him down at the Door, while the Word Brothers was still between his Teeth!—But if *Will Soc* was a bad Man, what had poor old *Shebaes* done? what could he or the other poor old Men and Women do? What had little Boys and Girls done; what could Children of a Year old, Babes at the Breast, what could they do, that they too must be shot and hatcheted?—Horrid to relate!—and in their Parents Arms! This is done by no civilized Nation in *Europe*. Do we come to *America* to learn and practise the Manners of *Barbarians*? But this, *Barbarians* as they are, they practise against their Enemies only, not against their Friends.—

These poor People have been always our Friends. Their Fathers received ours, when
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Strangers here, with Kindness and Hospitality. Behold the Return we have made them!—When we grew more numerous and powerful, they put themselves under our *Protection*. See, in the mangled Corpses of the last Remains of the Tribe, how effectually we have afforded it to them!—

Unhappy People! to have lived in such Times, and by such Neighbours!—We have seen, that they would have been safer among the ancient *Heathens*, with whom the Rites of Hospitality were *sacred*.—They would have been considered as *Guests* of the Publick, and the Religion of the Country would have operated in their Favour. But our Frontier People call themselves *Christians*!—They would have been safer, if they had submitted to the *Turks*; for ever since *Mahomet's* Reproof to *Khaled*, even the *cruel Turks*, never kill Prisoners in cold Blood. These were not even Prisoners:—But what is the Example of *Turks* to Scripture *Christians*?—They would have been safer, though they had been taken in actual War against the *Saracens*, if they had once drank Water with them. These were not taken in War against us, and have drank with us, and we with them, for Fourscore Years.—But shall we compare *Saracens* to *Christians*?—They would have been safer among the *Moors* in *Spain*, though they had been *Murderers of Sons*; if Faith had once been pledged to them, and a Promise of Protection given. But these have had the Faith of the *English* given to them many Times by the Government, and, in Reliance on
that

that Faith, they lived among us, and gave us the Opportunity of murdering them.—However, what was honourable in *Moors*, may not be a Rule to us ; for we are *Christians* !—They would have been safer it seems among *Popish Spaniards*, even if Enemies, and delivered into their Hands by a Tempest. These were not Enemies ; they were born among us, and yet we have killed them all.—But shall we imitate *idolatrous Papists*, we that are *enlightened Protestants* ? —They would even have been safer among the *Negroes* of *Africa*, where at least one manly Soul would have been found, with Sense, Spirit and Humanity enough, to stand in their Defence :—But shall *Whitemen* and *Christians* act like a *Pagan Negroe* ? —In short it appears, that they would have been safe in any Part of the known World,—except in the Neighbourhood of the CHRISTIAN WHITE SAVAGES of *Peckstang* and *Donegall* !—

O ye unhappy Perpetrators of this horrid Wickedness ! Reflect a Moment on the Mischief ye have done, the Disgrace ye have brought on your Country, on your Religion, and your Bible, on your Families and Children ! Think on the Destruction of your captivated Country-folks (now among the wild *Indians*) which probably may follow, in Repentment of your Barbarity ! Think on the Wrath of the United *Five Nations*, hitherto our Friends, but now provoked by your murdering one of their Tribes, in Danger of becoming our bitter Enemies.—Think of the mild and good Government you have so audaciously insulted ; the Laws of your King, your Country,

Country, and your G O D, that you have broken ; the infamous Death that hangs over your Heads : — For JUSTICE, though slow, will come at last. — All good People every where detest your Actions. — You have imbrued your Hands in innocent Blood ; how will you make them clean ? — The dying Shrieks and Groans of the Murdered, will often sound in your Ears : Their Spectres will sometimes attend you, and affright even your innocent Children ! — Fly where you will, your Consciences will go with you : — Talking in your Sleep shall betray you, in the Delirium of a Fever you yourselves shall make your own Wickedness known.

One Hundred and Forty peaceable *Indians* yet remain in this Government. They have, by Christian Missionaries, been brought over to a *Liking*, at least, of our Religion ; some of them lately left their Nation which is now at War with us, because they did not chuse to join with them in their Depredations ; and to shew their Confidence in us, and to give us an equal Confidence in them, they have brought and put into our Hands their Wives and Children. Others have lived long among us in *Northampton* County, and most of their Children have been born there. These are all now trembling for their Lives. They have been hurried from Place to Place for Safety, now concealed in Corners, then sent out of the Province, refused a Passage through a neighbouring Colony, and returned, not unkindly perhaps, but disgracefully, on our Hands. O *Pennsylvania* ! once renowned for Kindness to Strangers,

Strangers, shall the Clamours of a few mean Niggards about the Expence of this *Publick Hospitality*, an Expence that will not cost the noisy Wretches *Sixpence* a Piece (and what is the Expence of the poor Maintenance we afford them, compared to the Expence they might occasion if in Arms against us) shall so senseless a Clamour, I say, force you to turn out of your Doors these unhappy Guests, who have offended their own Country-folks by their Affection for you, who, confiding in your Goodness, have put themselves under your Protection? Those whom you have disarmed to satisfy groundless Suspicions, will you leave them exposed to the armed Madmen of your Country?—Unmanly Men! who are not ashamed to come with Weapons against the Unarmed, to use the Sword against Women, and the Bayonet against young Children; and who have already given such bloody Proofs of their Inhumanity and Cruelty.—Let us rouse ourselves, for Shame, and redeem the Honour of our Province from the Contempt of its Neighbours; let all good Men join heartily and unanimously in Support of the Laws, and in strengthening the Hands of Government; that JUSTICE may be done, the Wicked punished, and the Innocent protected; otherwise we can, as a People, expect no Blessing from Heaven, there will be no Security for our Persons or Properties; Anarchy and Confusion will prevail over all, and Violence, without Judgment, dispose of every Thing.

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When I mention the Baseness of the Murderers, in the Use they made of Arms, I cannot, I ought not to forget, the very different Behaviour of *brave Men* and *true Soldiers*, of which this melancholy Occasion has afforded us fresh Instances. The *Royal Highlanders* have, in the Course of this War, suffered as much as any other Corps, and have frequently had their Ranks thinn'd by an *Indian* Enemy; yet they did not for this retain a brutal undistinguishing Resentment against *all Indians*, Friends as well as Foes. But a Company of them happening to be here, when the 140 poor *Indians* above mentioned were thought in too much Danger to stay longer in the Province, cheerfully undertook to protect and escort them to *New-York*, which they executed (as far as that Government would permit the *Indians* to come) with Fidelity and Honour; and their Captain *Robinson*, is justly applauded and honoured by all sensible and good People, for the Care, Tendernefs and Humanity, with which he treated those unhappy Fugitives, during their March in this severe Season. General *Gage*, too, has approved of his Officer's Conduct, and, as I hear, ordered him to remain with the *Indians* at *Amboy*, and continue his Protection to them, till another Body of the King's Forces could be sent to relieve his Company, and escort their Charge back in Safety to *Philadelphia*, where his Excellency has had the Goodness to direct those Forces to remain for some Time, under the Orders of our Governor, for the Security of the *Indians*; the Troops of this Province being at present necessarily posted
on

on the Frontier. Such just and generous Actions endear the Military to the Civil Power, and impress the Minds of all the Discerning with a still greater Respect for our national Government.—

I shall conclude with observing, that *Cowards* can handle Arms, can strike where they are sure to meet with no Return, can wound, mangle and murder; but it belongs to *brave Men* to spare, and to protect; for, as the Poet says,

—*Mercy still sways the Brave.*

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